

Interview with Prescott Cummings  
in Eastham, Massachusetts

by Donald Sparrow  
July 9, 1983

Q: This is an interview with Prescott B. Cummings. It is being conducted for the Oral History Project of the Eastham Historical Society. It is taking place at his home off of Nauset Road in Eastham. The date is July 9, and the interviewer is Don Sparrow.

Well, Bud, why don't I start by asking you a few questions about yourself? When did you come to Eastham and why?

Prescott Cummings: Well, we came here, I think, in 1928, and the reason was that I had heard all about the fabulous turnip growing down here, and we had twenty-three acres and I figured it all out, one turnip to a square foot and what they were worth down at the Stop & Shop, and it seemed to me that I could make a million dollars here in pretty short order in turnip business. It didn't quite turn out that way, but that's what got us down here.

Also the fact that my stepfather had bought this place. Never lived in it, but he bought it for a summer place, and it was here, it didn't cost us anything, and after a few years of turnip-raising we were so poor we couldn't move, so we stayed.

Q: You say your stepfather owned the place?

Cummings: That's right.

Q: And who was that? Was that Bob and Bill's father?

Cummings: That was Bob and Bill's father, Robert Clifford Watson. He'd come down here, for a vacation, I guess, for a weekend or something, and he couldn't find any place to stay, so he bought the place. And it was in a shambles then. Still was when we got it.

Q: Where did you live before you moved down here?

Cummings: Let me see, we moved around quite a lot. He was my step-father and he was a cotton broker and we were all over the place, but I guess we were in Chestnut Hill before we moved down here.

Q: Good. Well, one of the things we want to talk about is rum-running, so why don't we start? I don't know how you want to get into it, but I'd be interested in knowing where the stuff came from and how it came in and who it went to and anything else you'd like to add.

Cummings: Well, seeing that I've been accused of being a rumrunner, I think that we should see one thing brought up. There is a distinct difference between a rumrunner and a bootlegger. People probably don't recall, but the bootlegger made gin, bathtub gin, peddled it around town and so forth. Or he may have been on the angle of distilling anything from grains to garbage and making alcohol, and in the process blinding and killing a few people. But the rumrunner was strictly on the water, and he ran the liquor from the offshore

ships to the shore, and was probably involved in getting it from the shore to wherever their warehouse was.

I think the best thing to give you an idea of what happens when you go rumrunning is taking a trip out for a load of rum. In those days, they had a system where you went into Boston and you paid for your liquor there. That would probably be-- let's say you were going to buy five hundred cases, you'd be given half of a five-dollar bill, torn in half. This would be good for five hundred cases on the ship.

Now, the ships came from various places, but about ninety per cent of them came from St. Pierre.

Q: French, wasn't it?

Cummings: Yes. Canadian. And they were all the very finest liquors. Liqueurs and champagnes from France and bottled in bond Scotches and the best Canadian liquors.

Q: I always remember my uncle, Uncle Rob, always had Johnnie Walker Black Label. That was one of the good ones.

Cummings: That was pretty good in those days. Well, anyway, you'd leave wherever your home port was, after previously making arrangements for a beach crew to meet you to take the liquor, and you got to handle the boat. Now the liquor was in-- what am I trying to say now-- cargo ships, and most of them were moored anywhere from twenty to <sup>miles</sup> thirty/and even further off Provincetown.

Q: They were beyond the three-mile limit, so the Coast Guard cutters

couldn't touch them?

Cummings

Q: That's right. Actually, it turned into a twelve-mile limit, but they had to be well beyond there to be safe, because sometimes the government stretched the mileages a little or shortened them up a little bit too, you know.

Q: How big were these cargo vessels? Ten thousand tonners or-- ?

Cummings: I don't know about tonnage, but I would say that most of them were what you might call a coast-wise cargo ship. It wasn't a tremendous ship, but they were pretty good size.

Q: But these people were operating fairly openly?

Cummings: Oh, they were legal. They were perfectly legal, because they were outside the twelve-mile limit and we had no jurisdiction over them.

Q: But the contact in Boston? Now, he was illegal?

Cummings: Yes, he was.

Q: But you didn't have any trouble finding him?

Cummings: Oh, no. No, no. In fact, he could operate quite openly, because he never had any liquor on him. You know, or with him. He was just a go-between man, a middle-man.

Q: These were generally local citizens?

Cummings: Yes. We didn't really have any gangster mobs in then.

Most of the gangsters at that time were working around Chicago, and it was just local boys that were making an extra dollar.

Q: Simply an entrepreneurial thing, except it happened to be slightly illegal?

Cummings: That's right. So anyway, you take your boat out. Most of the boats were very fast, and it was quite exciting.

Q: You had a boat?

Cummings: Yes. It was quite exciting. You'd pull up to this ship and it would be ringed with machine guns. This was to prevent hijackers. And mostly Frenchmen with the long beards and they'd all be hanging over, holding a machine gun on you. It was pretty scary. This is the middle of the night. And a little ways off, invariably was a U. S. destroyer, a three-stacker, and she put her great big searchlights on you, gets a description of you and all while you're loading and everything. Of course, you're still legal, you're offshore. And then the thing was, the destroyer went after you. Well, destroyers wide open could do about thirty-six knots, and we had boats that would do over fifty.

But we had to get away from the destroyer and head for wherever we were going fast enough so that the destroyer couldn't make a good guess too and notify the shore patrol. And sometimes the destroyers would take a pot shot now and then, a little bit further than twelve miles offshore and scare the hell out of you. It was really exciting.

Q: How large a boat did you have?

Cummings: Well, the one that I used most was a fifty-five foot open boat, and that had three 675-horsepower Garwood engines in it. You could practically fly.

Q: Where did you keep it?

Cummings: That was kept in Scituate. But nobody had any idea what it was. Scituate Harbor.

Q: So you'd have some pre-arranged landing point?

Cummings: That's right. Along the coast. Well, we used mostly Dennis, near the Dennis breakwater. We had some funny instances happen down there. One was, we brought in about forty thousand cases at Dennis, and one night one of the men that was working for us came to us and said that a fellow-- oh, previous to that, we'd seen this fellow sneaking up toward us, and he got almost up to us and one of our guards would run down to try and catch him, and he'd run and get in the Dennis breakwater. We never could find him. He had some hole he hid in down there, and it began to get us nervous. We didn't know who he was, you know.

And one of the men that worked for us, the next night came in, he was laughing his head off. And he'd run into this fellow and told him about there was rumrunners down there, and he wanted to go in and work with them, but every time he'd get almost up there, somebody would chase him with a gun and scare him to death. We said, bring him down, we'll put him to work, keep him quiet.

Q: Did your people have guns?

Cummings: Oh, yes. Well, they weren't for fighting with the police, absolutely.

Q: They were to prevent hijacking?

Cummings: Hijacking, you know, which there was a lot of that going on.

Q: When you say we-- I don't know whether you want to get into any names? Okay, good.

Cummings: No, I didn't carry a gun. All I did was either be on the boat or drive the cars from the beach. Like in Dennis, up in the Dennis woods we had a cottage with a big barn there. I don't know why, but it did have this big barn and a little cottage there. And we'd take all the liquor that came in on the beach and store it in this barn. Then the A&P truckdrivers would come from Boston and they'd unload all the way down to Provincetown and they'd have an empty truck coming back. So they'd pick up about four hundred cases and bring it in for us. He didn't know anything about it, the driver.

Q: Well, that's just good business. You don't like to go back empty, so-- . I would assume that you were not the head of this outfit?

Cummings: Oh, no, no.

Q: You were one of the employees essentially. And I've heard my

folks say that sometimes the liquor was brought down here. They say that we could see your house from our house and a window shade would go up and down three times and then a big truck would come in.  
(LAUGHTER)

Cummings: I don't remember all those signals, but we had an awful lot of liquor stored here a couple of times. The liquor was all in cartons, wrapped in burlap bags, or burlap. To keep them quieter than in wooden cases and so forth. And invariably there'd be a bottle broken, it seems, in most every case. Not really, but there were an awful lot of broken bottles. And I'm sure that your family could smell this house over the fields.

Q: I've heard too that when the Coast Guard cutters or the destroyers or whatever caught somebody within the twelve-mile limit that you would dump the booze overboard?

Cummings: Oh, yes.

Q: And word of this would get around and people would be out there raking in bottles of liquor. Did this ever really happen?

Cummings: Oh, yes. And another thing that happened because of the west shore tides, you came in with a boatload of liquor, if the tide was going out, it wasn't hard to get stuck. And then you had to throw over the liquor to lighten the boat to get out. That happened down in Dennis once.

Another way that liquor gets around is that we had one man that lived down on Corporation Road worked for us, and he had a large dory,



and he always swore his dory would hold a hundred cases of liquor. You see, the rum boat would come in, but it couldn't come up to the beach, so the dories would have to ferry the liquor in.

It was one of those beautiful moonlight, quiet, still nights. You could hear everything, you know. And he was out there loading and you could hear him say, put on another one, she'll take a couple more. Put on one more. And then, oh, Jesus Christ! The boat just sank right straight down. (LAUGHTER) He was the next day out there with a long pole with a hook on it.

So we had funny instances like that happen every now and then.

Q: You did have some close calls with the federal people then, in bringing the boats in?

Cummings: Well, only offshore. We didn't have any problem on the shore, because everybody was paid off.

Q: The local people?

Cummings: Yes. One house we used, the Chairman of the Selectmen owned the house. Two o f the local officers worked with us. And the one state policeman that was supposed to be untouchable in those days was paid off. So we had things pretty much our way.

Q: But this was true throughout the country, wasn't it?

Cummings: Yes. Our business was really run-- the man that ran it-- as a business, and he didn't want any problems, troubles or anything. But many of the rumrunners were eternally in trouble. They were

shooting at police and shooting at each other, and every time they ran a load, somebody got hurt, and, you know-- . The operation I was in wasn't like that at all.

Q: Again, I don't want to know the name of the guy, but is he still alive?

Cummings: I don't know. He later-- as soon as Prohibition was over, he opened the Harvard Breweries, which didn't last long. I don't know why. And then he became owner of the Eastern Wine and Spirits Corporation, which is a big liquor outfit. And a few years ago, LIFE magazine did a whole series on him. Nothing to say about his rumrunning days, but about how he'd done such a marvelous job with his Eastern Wine and Spirits and all the corporations he owned and everything else.

Q: Well, I guess there's many, many very successful businessmen in the fifties and sixties and seventies that had that similar background.

Cummings: Oh, yes. Well, it wasn't considered really very bad, because nobody wanted the law. And as a matter of fact, if you weren't a rumrunner or at least didn't know one, you weren't anybody at all.

Q: I can remember again my uncle coming down and he always had a bottle of Scotch with him, and my father was always delighted to see him come. He'd get a nip. And I don't know whether you know that Quinny Shaw laid down several barrels of sherry and port in the old brooder house. There was one room there that was locked, in that

old brooder house, and we finally got--

Cummings: I just remember the old-- it was kind of tumbledown, as I remember it.

Q: And we finally-- somehow or other, we got into there, and I think there were four barrels of sherry and port that he hired somebody to come down and start it. And by that time I was old enough to appreciate the stuff, and I used to go in with a dipper and dip out a couple of quarts of sherry, and it was very good sherry. I've often wondered whatever happened to that, because I moved away and then it just disappeared. It didn't evaporate, I know.

Cummings: I don't think your father drank all that.

Q: No.

Cummings: We had one funny instance that I always remember about rumrunning, that when one of these trucks would go to Boston, or New York or wherever it was headed, with a load of cases of whiskey, we had sent one car ahead, which was the pay-off car, and they paid off the various cops along the way that-- they didn't get too much, but they'd pick up a few dollars, you know. And then we had a car behind with men with guns in them, in case of hijackers.

Well, the ones went off somewhere around-- in those days it was only the old Sagamore Bridge, and there was an officer that had to be paid off there somewhere.

Q: These are the drawbridges?

Cummings: Yeah. And the pay-off car saw this officer, stopped, gave him an envelope with five hundred dollars in it. They went on, and it turned out that he was a Salvation Army man. (LAUGHTER) He was coming down to the Cape, hoping to get a few dollars, and he didn't get across the Canal, somebody handed him five hundred. And it all came out in the paper.

Q: That's funny.

Cummings: Yes. With this Salvation Army hat and everything, you know. It was night and he looked like a cop.

Q: He kept the five hundred, I assume?

Cummings: Well, for the Salvation Army, yes. Apparently, because he told everybody about it.

Q: Well, once it was stored in the barn, then it was distributed by, again, the employees of this organization?

Cummings: That's right.

Q: And they'd take it around to the speakeasies and the private people?

Cummings: That's right.

Q: What did a bottle of Johnnie Walker Scotch, for example, go for to the customer?

Cummings: I don't know really. As I recall, they were around eight

or ten dollars, which was a lot of money in those days.

Q: Yes, but it was good booze?

Cummings: Oh, yes. But it was very cheap offshore. You could buy bottled-in-bond whiskey-- like Old Log Cabin, Carstairs and some of those, and this is four-year-old bottled-in-bond whiskey, and that was about fourteen dollars a case.

Q: Whew! Twelve bottles to a case?

Cummings: Twelve bottles to a case. And then the rumrunner got an average of about six dollars a case for bringing it in. Most of the boats wouldn't take a thousand cases, but they'd take from-- mine would take about five hundred. So I made three thousand dollars. A lot of money in those days. You could afford to get shot at once in a while. But all of our cost of liquor-- even now, I guess-- is taxes. As a matter of fact, your cost isn't a great deal.

Q: Alcohol is like fifty cents a gallon to make.

Cummings: Yes, that's right.

Q: There were a lot of speakeasies. And you were a bartender in one of them, I understand.

Cummings: No, I got to be a doorman in one.

Q: The Coffeehouse in Hyannis, wasn't that one of the big ones?

Cummings: Well, I wouldn't know that. This was in Boston, down by

Chinatown, that I got mixed up with. We got raided five times the first week.

Q: Then you finally found the right guy to pay off?

Cummings: Well, it was a weird arrangement. We had two floors, the working floors. We were on the second floor and there were two huge rooms, and between the rooms was a hallway, where we had a plank door with steel plates on both sides of it, on each end, and the customer would come in and I'd give a buzz and they'd open one and let him through and then open the other one. And by the same token, the police would come up and I'd buzz that we were being raided, and the police would get pretty sore about the whole thing, but I'd tell them we were sorry, we were having a conference, they couldn't come in quite yet. And the Boston Irish cops didn't take that very kindly, but anyway, when we finally let them in, everything would have been poured down the sink.

But one time, towards the end of it, they went down to the basement, took the trap apart, and got a four per cent alcoholic reading out of the trap. Somebody had to be arrested, so the bartender said he'd go to jail for double pay.

Q: How long did they send him to jail for?

Cummings: Oh, thirty days.

Q: You didn't get involved in distributing the stuff?

Cummings: No. No. I just went to what we called the drop. In

other words, you went in and you dropped the liquor there. Of course, I had for myself-- because I was like all rumrunners, I wasn't quite honest, I'd save a few cases out for myself. So finally I was full of the best liquor you could think of, anything from champagne, French liqueurs, Canadian whiskey, I had it all buried around here one place or another.

Q: Well, it must have been quite a disappointment when Prohibition was repealed then?

Cummings: Well, yes, it was. It was just like an automobile plant closing. Everybody was out of work. It was really fun. I've often said that I'd have been a rumrunner for nothing, just for the excitement, because it really was exciting.

Well, we did get <sup>raided</sup> ~~ready~~, come to think of it, once in Dennis. And we called up our friend, the Sergeant, in the Police Department, and he came down and took his two policemen away. That was the end of that.

(LAUGHTER)

Q: They hadn't gotten the word?

Cummings: No, they'd stumbled on it somehow. They were pretty disappointed. They didn't think it was quite right.

Q: Can you think of any other incidents that are related to the rumrunning?

Cummings: Well, one that was quite close to home was the old Coast Guard Station down here. The common thing to do was to call the

Coast Guard Station and say that you had a tip that a load of liquor was coming in in Dennis, see. And you would actually be bringing it in in, let's say, Truro. And the Coast Guards were wise to this. However, they'd go down to Dennis and sit there for the night, while you brought your liquor into Truro, and then the next day you'd drop off three or four cases for the boys at the Coast Guard Station.

But one time they unfortunately ran into some rumrunners and they had to take the liquor. They took four hundred cases and they stored them in the boathouse here. And they called the federal men in Boston, where they had a federal warehouse, to come down and get it, and they said, we're sorry, we're packed to the ceiling, we can't take any more. You're going to have to hold it for about a month.

At the end of the month the federal came down with a big truck to get it, and there was three cases left. (LAUGHTER)

Q: Okay. Do you know anything special about rumrunning boats?

Cummings: Well, there was one that belonged to a man by the name of Max Fox. And he was always in trouble. Every time he ran a load of rum, something happened. But he built this boat called the Black Duck, and it was very fast. Had a smoke screen. Had machine guns on it. And I don't know how true it is, but he was supposed to have had poison gas too. This was all for the Coast Guard, and they were out to get him, but he was so fast they had trouble, you know.

Well, finally they ran into it. Well, they told him that he too-- and customarily they're supposed to shoot at the rudder to disable the boat. Instead, when it was brought into Providence, Rhode Island,



every bullet was through the cabin. And, incidentally, everybody in the cabin was dead.

Then the Coast Guard reconditioned, changed it to suit themselves, this Black Duck, which was so very fast, and they used that to go out and chase other rumrunners. But that was quite a famous boat in those days.

Q: The Black Duck.

Cummings: The Black Duck.

Q: That was out of Boston?

Cummings: No. Providence.

Q: Okay. Let's switch from the rumrunning thing to ask-- I want to ask about the alligator that lived in your swamp.

Cummings: Well, we brought two alligators, the little ones that you buy on a farm in Florida-- you know, about a foot long-- brought them home and one got away. And I don't know whatever happened to him. And then the second one got away-- and I assume it's the same one-- went down in our pond, and for several years we fed him. And I was surprised that he could live over.

Q: I'm surprised too.

Cummings: But this is what is called a kettle hole and it's just soft fluffy mud way, way down. You can drop a lead for hundreds of feet down in that pond and never hit anything solid. And I think

what happened was that he just went down there and hibernated, longer than he would have in Florida, and made out, because he was there about fifteen years.

Q: Really? How big did he get?

Cummings: Well, the last person that saw him said he was about eight feet long.

Q: I'll be damned.

Cummings: And we guessed at his age at probably about thirty-five, from what everybody told us about he should be. And apparently that's the age that alligators mate in, and that's why he probably took off.

Q: Yes. He had a long crawl, didn't he?

Cummings: Yeah. He was seen in South Eastham, and from then on nobody ever saw him again.

Q: I'll be darned. I always thought it was a fairy tale, but this really happened?

Cummings: Sure. We didn't have any TV then, but it was even on the Boston radio about the alligator on Cape Cod. And scared Tony Escobar almost to death. He was down there one day and almost stepped on him. He came up white as a sheet, screaming

Q: Was this Charlie or Tony?

Cummings: Tony. Tony Escobar. I mean Tony, not Charlie.

Q: You said Tony, but sometimes we called Charlie Tony. But this was the old man?

Cummings: The old man, yes. He lived across the street.

Q: Now, you have snappers down there that are trained to come when you call them?

Cummings: Yes. There's about-- oh, it varies, because they go traveling from pond to pond, but there's anywhere from five to seven of them, and these are the big snappers.

Q: About a foot and a half, two feet in diameter?

Cummings: Oh, yes. And smaller ones too. They'll come when you call and they'll eat out of your hand, if you're careful. They naturally snap at things. That's the way they eat. They're not vicious, but it's best to have a piece of bread just by the tip end when you give it to them.

Q: They can cut off your finger.

Cummings: Oh, easily. And then, of course, all the little turtles, they all come around.

Q: How do you call them? What do you do?

Cummings: Just yell Here, Turtle, Turtle. Anybody goes down the hill, they'll come over. It's apparently, from what one man told me who had been on the Wild Life Commission for years, the only place he ever heard of that turtles would come to you. And they just got that way. Nobody ever bothered them, I suppose, for hundreds of

years in that pond and they're not the least bit afraid.

Q: And they have no reason to be afraid. They just get fed.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

Q: A fellow from Provincetown used to visit my folks and they always told me he was a rumrunner. Did you know about him?

Cummings: Well, I think it must have been Manny Zorah. Manny was quite a person. He was born on a fishing boat and he never slept ashore till he was eighteen years old, so he knew boats. And I know he ran rum, and later on, with the help of someone else, they wrote a book about him, called THE SEA FOX, because they never could catch him. And he later on moved to Portugal, when he retired, and died over there. But he was really quite a person. He was famous as the best fisherman in Provincetown and, you know, was a top man on everything. Very nice, very well liked.

Q: But after Prohibition was repealed, he continued to live in Provincetown?

Cummings: Oh, yes. He was a fisherman. And always was a top man. Being born on a ship and having lived there, you know, he couldn't help but be.

Q: Right. He knew the water.

Cummings: He was very powerful, a big man. ?

Q: But he made a lot of money during Prohibition? He must have.

Cummings: Oh, yes. Yes, he did very well.

Q: Al Capone, of course, was the gangster that everyone's heard about, but he was in Chicago. Did you know any of his assistants?

Cummings: Well, he had a man that was considered his first lieutenant, but he got in so much trouble in Chicago, he had to leave. And I guess it was not only with the police, but a matter of life and death, with some of the other gangs. And he moved to New York, and after so many offenses-- I think it was three-- anything he was arrested for in New York, he went to jail for life in those days. Maybe so still. So he moved to Boston, and I met him in Boston, and he was a very nice, quiet, soft-spoken person. But I imagine he probably had killed a few people in his time. You didn't want to get him mad at you, that was for sure.

Also, in those days, there was a gang known as the Gustin Gang, and they were in South Boston. All young boys, around in their twenties. And they took dope, they took cocaine in those days. But they were very bad news. They were hijackers and holdup men, whatever it was. And all three of them got killed eventually.

Q: But there were drug dealers in those days too? Cocaine and-- ?

Cummings: Well, I don't recall-- somehow or other, I don't recall drug dealers, though there must have been. But cocaine seemed to be about the only dope that anybody took, that I knew.

Q: Of course, that's non-addictive.

Cummings: It wasn't, you know, to any extent. People weren't going around bombed all the time on dope, by any means. The kids weren't, and so forth.

Q: And there was very little marijuana?

Cummings: Never heard of it.

Q: I hadn't either.

Cummings: No, not in those days. The only drug at all was the cocaine, that I know of.

Q: Were any of the local boats rumrunning in those days?

Cummings: Well, we had just one instance that I know of, out of Rock Harbor, where the boats weren't fast enough. They were just draggers, you know. They didn't have any speed or anything, but two of them got together and they had this boat they were dragging quahogs on. They decided they'd get in the rumrunning business, that's where all the money was. So they got some money together and they got out to Rum Row and they got two hundred cases of whiskey. And they came in, but they were so darned slow, it was the middle of the day by the time they got back to Rock Harbor, and they wanted to wait till night before they brought it in. And they thought they'd mingle with the other draggers out there, but unfortunately they got drinking. They got very drunk and got very generous, went around and handed everybody bottles all over the place around out there, and everybody else got drunk.

And this picket boat was going by off shore and saw all these boats zigzagging around, and they wanted to kind of see what was going on. They didn't have rum in mind, they just saw something's crazy going on there. And they came in and, of course, they found out what it was and they arrested the two fishermen. They only got something like-- they got a fine, they didn't get put in jail. They got a fine, and they didn't take the boat away from them either, because it was their only means of livelihood. But they renamed the boat The No More, the No More rum. It was the No More from then on.

Q: This what you call Rum Row, that must have been out where the whale watch boats go now?

Cummings: It was a little further off, I think.

Q: Did you see any whales when you were out there?

Cummings: I don't recall seeing any. Of course, we were always at night.

Q: Yes, it would be hard. They're pretty black things.

Cummings: Yeah. It was lucky we didn't hit one.

Q: I went out on the whale watch out of Provincetown and it was an absolutely thrilling experience. Oh, just marvelous. I recommend it highly. It's a wonderful way to spend a day.

Cummings: I think I'll do that some time. The people in the cottage

just went out this morning.

Q: Oh, did they? Well, you ask them. Oh, it was just wonderful.

Q: This is a post-mortem to the Bud Cummings interview. As he was showing me to the door, other details kept coming up. He told the story of once when they had a load of whiskey at his house, the Town Constable called him, and at that time he didn't know the Constable and so he was considerably concerned. But the Constable told him that he just thought that Bud would like to know that the state troopers were planning on raiding his place that night.

So Bud and his friends worked feverishly to transfer the cases up into the woods to hide them. The police never did appear that night.

Bud also commented that working for this man from Boston in the rumrunning crew was just like going to work in a factory on the night shift. He would go up to Scituate every night and sit around and wait for the call, play cards with the other gang. There were five or six of them on the crew. When an especially heavy load was anticipated, the Boston man would send down extra help to handle the cases.

END OF TAPE